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The Scholar

AUGUST 1936

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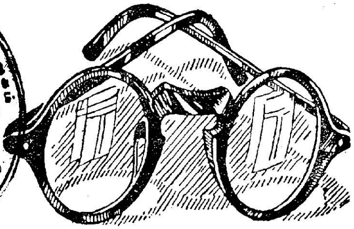

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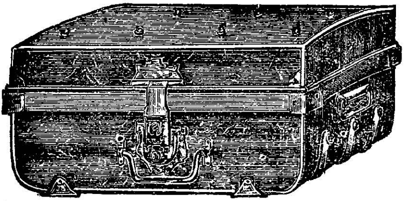

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THE SCHOLAR

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Fears.

(DIARY LEAVES)

BY NICHOLAS ROERICH

THE sun set. Forest murmurs began. The crowns of old oaks appeared as monstrous silhouettes. The gignatic pines turned red. Flowers glimmered like horrible eyes. The ravines became pitch black and the boulders protruded like huge skulls. Look, what a terrible face the forest shows!

The crane hurried into the meadow and gabbled: "Beware, beware!"—and disappeared behind the trees.

And above, in the foilage, the raven croaked: "Finis! Finis!"

The thrush above screamed: "Terrible! Terrible!"

The oriole whistled: "Oh, you poor fellow!"

From the top of the tree appeared a starling and took pity: "A good lad is lost. Pity. Pity."

And the woodpecker persisted: "Let him, let him!"

The magpie gossiped as if in the bazaar: "Let us rush to tell them. Let us rush to tell them!"

And even the peaceful bull-finch squeaked: "It is bad, very bad!"

How many fears! From the earth, from the trees, from the sky—whistled, crackled and hissed. It seemed as if all snakes rose from the grass—no help, no escape! And on the path there was standing the bear himself. What else, if not a bear, could that black spot be. And these flashing lights are not fireflies, but also something horrible.

Under the enchanted rock an unknown wizard had settled. And he caught birds with ingenious traps. And he taught every bird one word. And the wanderers became frightened and pale, hearing this horrible judgment of the birds. And the wizard smiled; he listened to the birds and they brought no fear to him. Only he was aware that they knew no more and could say nothing else.

Are not all horrible words like this gabbling of birds? And is not the terrible bear but a rotten tree stem? And are not the ghostly snakes but twigs in the grass? And who are these mysterious wizards, who teach the gospel of fear? Who was the primogenious being who, in a language unknown to us for the first time, uttered the cursed word 'fear'? And was this first fright a real horror, or was it a ghastly mirage? But milleniums and cruel atavism embodied this first cry of horror into generations. The inexperienced youth and grey wiseacres in sinister unison began to sing the hymn of fear. There was created an entire cult of horror. But what has a striving honest man to fear?

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All the lightning and thunder of the universe teach us that there is nothing to fear—one has but to know. The wise heart convinces the brain that fear is the most absurd invention. The highest Ordainments, proclaim that the human spirit is eternal and cannot be harmed. People read this Truth and yet the habit of atavism for fear grips them and crushes them to the Earth. They do not listen to the voice of the heart. Science itself comes to aid the heart. All the latest strivings of science prove that knowledge frees man from fear. How many wonderful basic energies are unveiled by science! And human life can be absolutely transmuted.

But *terror antiquus*—the ancient terror still reigns. People still fear to know. For the majority of people, science is still sorcery. *Horribile dictu* but humanity is not far from mediaeval superstitions, when for every desire to know, people were burned at the stake or beheaded. It makes no difference that the inquisition of to-day applies instead of fire still more cruel methods. The fire destroyed the body, but many other methods torture the spirit and in their evil inventiveness they subject the world to convulsions of horror. Under various pretexts, by various forms of scarecrows someone tries to prohibit and deny. We all know these deniers. And what is at the bottom of this crass ignorance? Open the crude-coloured feathers of the bloated ignoramus and you will discover the grey feather of fear—and as hair stands on end, so does this feather rise not from a noble indignation, but from ugly fear alone.

Every cognizance is already fearless. And liberated science is also fearless. Everyone ascending the summit, at the moment of having made this decision, already rejects fear. There is deep significance in the advice that one should apply medicinal help against fear. So much is said about suggestion. Research of psychic energy becomes a science and should not all sciences be turned first of all towards the annihilation of fear?

Fear is attribute of ignorance. Fear is poison. Fear is fossilisation. Fear is paralysis. Fear is defeat. Fear is decay. Fear is destruction. Fear is annihilation.

In the "Nibelungen Ring" the sorcerer Mime tests Siegfried, because a hero is needed who does not know fear. Mime tries to frighten young Siegfried, with abominable horrors, but the hero simply does not know what fear means. Mime describes to him the terrible Dragon, but Siegfried only asks where he can find the monster. The spirit of the hero does not know the shackles of fear.

Every hero, when seeking attainment is free from fear. All ordainments preach fearlessness as the motive power of evolution.

From the East resounded the great ordainment: "*mā bhāyi*" "Fear not!"

In response to this mighty Command, there thundered from the depths of ages: "Warriors, Warriors we call ourselves. We fight for noble virtue, for lofty effort, for sublime wisdom, for this reason we call ourselves warriors!"

Longevity

BY AGHORAM AIYER

OF all questions in Astrology, the one which vexes the enquirer most is the length of life of a native. Most treatises in Hindu Astrology are agreed that it is unwise to posit anything definite as to a child's life up-to its twelfth year. The said period is divided into three equal sub-periods, and to each of the sub-periods are assigned the evil effects of its past Karma, the mother's, and the father's Karma. I am not in a position to affirm or disaffirm conclusively the above proposition. But I know of a case where the child's Lagna is Virgo with Mercury in the ascendant, Venus in the second house, and Moon and Saturn in the fourth house, and the starting Dasperiod of the child was that of Venus; with such a powerful Venus the child died in its second year!

Varahamihira in the concluding verse of his chapter on Ayur Daya gives the warning "All these guarantees of long life are given only to him who lives the life of Vedic Restraint." Against this salutary idea even the Hindu, especially the modernised Hindu rebels; much more the other races will. Varahamihira has considered the relative merits of the Pindayur Daya and Amshaka Ayur Daya and inclines to prefer the latter method as more reliable for the definite ascertainment of the length of life of a native. A number of other methods have been propounded by the Hindu Text writers on Astrology. Varahamihira's chapter on Dasas and Anthardasas directs attention not merely to the question of Raja Yoga, but also to the question of longevity.

Most text books on Hindu Astrology consider the effects of particular planetary combinations not merely for the purpose of finding out the lucky and the unlucky periods of life, but also for elucidating some point of view regarding longevity. A native's death is supposed to be probable in a particular year in view of particular planetary combinations.

Then again, there are different systems in vogue for considering the effects of various planetary periods in a human life, the chief of which are the Udu Dasa and the Kalachakra Dasa; the former has the greatest vogue. The consideration of these Dasa periods also leads to conclusions on the question of longevity.

The Phala Deepika, a popular work in Astrology deals also with a method for reckoning longevity in terms of the Ashtaka Varga of the planets, and particularly in terms of the Samudaya

Ashtaka Varga. Some very complicated calculations have been recommended in the last chapter of that work to work out that scheme. Most text books on Hindu Astrology are also replete with exaggerated statements which assert that under particular planetary combinations, a native's life can be prolonged to one thousand years and so on. Then, there is a small key-work in Astrology called the Jatakachandrika, less than one hundred verses in all, which has condensed the great truths of Astrology into the smallest compass, and has stated a few cardinal propositions on the question of death. It purports to tell us nothing about the probable length of a native's life, but wants to show the planetary periods or sub periods in which one's own death or that of one's kindred is likely to happen. In the view of that work, the houses of two and seven, the Lords of two and seven houses, the planets which occupy two and seven houses, and the planets which are in combination with or aspected by the Lords of two and seven houses are primarily the planets which will carry out the destruction of a native or his kinsfolk; in a lesser degree, the Lords of 3, 8, and 11 houses also deal out death.

Ayurdaya is very constantly resorted to by all those who are practically interested in the predictive side of Astrology and in most of the cases, it is seriously complained that the predictions fail. A large number of people consider it useless to place reliance upon any astrological conclusions as to longevity ; some think that the lore is good and can give us exact knowledge, but that the reckoning is incompetently done. Then again, the faith of the bulk of the Hindu people in astrology seems to be built upon fatalistic conceptions of life, and that a reckoning made can be precise and exact, and that results must follow in the case of a phenomenon like human life, like chemical combinations in the laboratory. I incline to think there is a great deal of merit in the different systems in vogue for considering the question of longevity, and that not withstanding the settled doctrines of the several writers, an investigator has to inductively test the truth of the different doctrines and hold fast to those that stand the test. I want to suggest that after ascertaining as accurately as he can the probable length of a native's life he ought to give attention to the question of the various intervening weak links in a life chain, whose maximum length has been ascertained. Most disappointments over this question of longevity have arisen over the omission to provide for the contingencies regarding the intervening weak links. In many of the cases where fatality has occurred earlier than the reckoned longevity, such intervening weak links could be discerned, and the life-chain has snapped at one of such links. There is an element of personal effort to be

taken into account in considering the factors that may out-weigh planetary influences, and the omission to take necessary precautions has in several cases precipitated fatal consequences nor can a man violate with impunity any of the cardinal rules of life, or rush into an infected area or danger Zone, or do other heedless acts, and escape from perilous consequences to himself, even death, because astrological reckoning guarantees to him a certain length of life.

When a native passes from one Dasa period to another, and death dealing illness is indicated in the Dasa period that is passing, and the Dasa period that is to follow is not good for the native, and probably even injurious, the chances are that the illness terminates fatally, even though at some later period a strong and well-placed planet is going to rule the native.

I do not endorse the proposition that in the Dasa periods of the Lords of trines death will not take place either of the native or of his kinsfolk. If the Lord of a trine has a location in the 2nd house, during its period or sub period, death to oneself or kinsfolk is indicated. Planets which are Lords of Trines and are not located in two and seven which are the houses of death, but are located in the seventh house from the moon have led to the wife's death during their period, if they are Malefics. It a man's Lagnam is Dhanu, Sagitarius and Mars (Lord of 5 and 12) is located in any other house than 2 and 7, but is in the 7th house from the moon, it is apt to lead to the wife's death or her most critical illness ; so too, the sun for Dhanu Laga, if placed in the seventh house from the moon will do death of the wife or bring her to death's door, even though otherwise well-placed from the Lagna.

I have seen the Dasa periods of planets which are Yoga Karakas, and during their time, the native progresses to high eminence in life, but if a cruel planet and the yoga planet are in 6th and 8th houses from each other, during the ruling period of the yoga planet, great injury to life is foreboded to that kinsman, or kinswoman, who is represented by the other planet, with reference to its Lordship or Karkathwam. If Thula (Libra) is the Lagnam (ascendant), and Saturn (Lord of four and five houses) is exalted in the Lagna but Mars the Lord of two and seven houses, is in (Pisces), i.e. in Shashta Ashtamam with Saturn, evil is foreboded to wife or brothers. If Scorpio is the ascendant, and Jupiter the Lord of 2 and 5 houses is exalted in the 9th house but the Sun and Mercury are located in Sagitarius, i.e. the 2nd house, these two planets being in shashtashtamam with Jupiter, and being in the house of death, during the ruling period of

Jupiter, the death of the father and the elder brother is very probable. The sun in the 2nd house points to the father's death and Mercury the Lord of the 11th house in the 2nd house points to the elder brother's death.

If Leo is the Lagnam, and Mars who is the Lord of 4 and 9 houses, a very good Yoga Karaka without death dealing powers is located in the 3rd house, it may improve one's fortune, and father's fortune too, but it may lead to the unhappiness of a sister by widowing her. The Malefic in the 3rd house is bad for that house, and during its ruling period the brother or the sister is likely to suffer.

I go to the length of saying that these troubles are experienced during the ruling periods of any such malefic planets, even though they have exchanged houses with other planets and the exchanges are considered favourable in astrology.

As to sicknesses to be posited with reference to planetary periods, although all cases cannot be covered, broadly it could be stated, that the moon tends to catarrhal conditions of mucus membranes, to pneumonic and allied states, and diseases of the mind and imagination, the Sun and Mars and Rahu tend to disturbances of the circulatory system, and Rahu particularly skin eruptions, and Saturn tends to Rheumatic troubles, and Venus to venereals. When a death crisis is near, the time when it may occur could be predicted with certainty by one with sufficient insight into astrological matters. I remember a case of a native 73 years old, with a weakening chronic ailment, and it looked as if the end was in sight. The Lagnam is Thula (Libra); Venus is in the 8th house, and Sun and Moon are in the seventh house. The Chidram (sub-sub-period) of Venus was itself feared. In my view, as Venus is in his own house in the 8th and the Sun, though in the 7th house, i.e. a house of death, is exalted there, the life chain would not break during the above two sub-sub-periods; but moon being absolutely powerless and waning and in the 7th house, it was a very weak link, and as a matter of fact, the native tided over Venus and the sun sub-sub-periods, but died on the very day moon's sub-sub-period began.

Similarly, the probability of a death happening or very dangerous illness occurring during the Dasa period of a cruel planet can be indicated. Sun in the fourth house, occurring in conjunction with Saturn, though the latter is in its own house, and in the seventh house from the moon is bad both for the mother and the wife. During the seven and a half years of Saturn unhappy events occur for most people, and death of either the

native or kinsfolk takes place. If the moon happens to be located in the 3rd house in a man's horoscope, the younger brother may be lost, in the 4th house mother, in the fifth house the son etc. during the seven and a half years of Saturn. I know of a man with a very wonderful horoscope, ascendant Sagitarius ; 3rd house Moon and Rahu; 8th house Jupiter in exaltation; Mars and Ketu in the ninth house; Sun and Mercury in the 10th house and Venus and Saturn in the eleventh house; Jupiter, Mercury and Saturn are exalted for him and Venus is in its own house, and Sun and Mercury well combined in the 10th house and Venus and Saturn equally well-combined in the 11th house. He was reduced to nothing during the period of Jupiter; he did business during the period of Saturn and earned several lakhs of Rupees; but he had to do also the seven and a half years of Saturn during the time, and he lost a dearly loved younger brother! The text books assert that the fifth Dasa in a life if Rahu's, and the sixth Dasa if Guru's deals death. I have seen these propositions coming untrue in several horoscopes; the Kesari Yoga which occurs in a Kendra relationship between Moon and Jupiter is a strong contributory force to longevity, but I have seen it hopelessly failing in some cases. The weakness by being in an unfavourable position of the Lagna Lord, both from the Lagna and the moon is a point very much against longevity. But I have seen natives do over sixty years in India on such horoscopes. Even though the Lagna Lord is weak, if the lord of the 10th house is powerful by being in the 10th house it conduces much to longevity. Besides the weak Dasa periods or sub periods, death is connected, in the gocharam, with the seven and a half years of Saturn, or the Ashtaman of Saturn, or the Jenmam, or the 3rd or 8th house from the Moon's sign in the annual rotation of Jupiter.

A serious sickness often starts on the Jenma Nakshtram day or the Ashtama Rasi day. Likewise, a sickness passes through terrible crisis or death itself takes place on any one of such days or on an Anujanmam day. Sometimes I have seen even a case of convalescence having a set back on any one of these days. Sometimes a wife's sickness takes a serious turn for the worse or death itself happens on the Jenma Nakshatram day of the husband, and if he is doing the seven and a half years of Saturn, the chances are greater. Even in very long-lived persons, the third turn of Saturn most often proves fatal, and if death does not come then, Saturn in the horoscope must be close to the moon, and the planetary combinations conducing to longevity exceptionally good; in such cases, during the third turn of Saturn, when it is in the eighth house from the Jenmam, the life-chain is apt to snap.

The philosophical way of looking at the question of longevity is best expressed in the aphorism " nothing is so certain as death; but nothing is so uncertain as the day of death ". The element of truth embodied in this dictum is very great. But it does not whittle away the value of astrological investigation directed towards this matter and careful and intelligent study of the problem helps us to acquire knowledge good enough for a sensible apprehension of the great land-mark-experiences in a life, and its end likewise, and for making a wise adjustment of one's affairs, relationships etc. against the fatal termination.

Tales from Indian History.

BY V. RANGACHARYA, M. A.

I

SOORJ DEHU AND NILA

SOORJ Dehu was a gallant Rajput chief, than whom no other knight ever managed his horse with greater confidence, or wielded a heavier sword. A regular terror he was to the Muslim ranks; but Soorj Dehu was of more repute for his honesty to conviction than for his bravery in the field. His wife, Nila, was worthy of him. Dedicating her being, her beauty and her love to him, she would hardly hesitate, alike in life and in death, to follow him with a fearless heart and unhesitating step.

Now, in the course of a raid into the Muslim land, Soorj Dehu was betrayed by a traitor, and fell into the hands of the enemy. The Moorish captain was a fanatic; and he tormented the captive in a hundred ways to make him desert his ancestral faith and follow the crescent. But, even though his body was battered, Soorj was firm like a rock, and remained unshaken and unbroken. His high nature preferred the sacrifice of himself for the good name of his race rather than yield to the hideous cruelty perpetrated on his helpless frame.

Meanwhile, the sad news of his fate reached Nila. The suspense of the recent days had been awful enough for her; and now, when she knew the worst, she went unearthly pallid and, it seemed, would die from the shock. But all at once she snapped her fingers at her dire misfortune, shook herself off from her grief, and, with a sudden fervour, perceived a reason for living. She came to have a mission in life—to get to grips with the inhuman men who were torturing her husband and to avenge his wrongs. Brimming over with love and resolution, she did not feel herself to be at her wit's end as to how to turn the tables against her enemies. Followers, stout of heart and strong in muscle, she did not lack. Men of iron who would die happy for a smile of hers, there were in plenty. But Nila did not propose to bring the enemy to bay with their help. She knew that, however valiant they were, they had no ghost of a chance against the heavy odds which confronted them. She knew that they would be mere sacrificial lambs going to the slaughter! She therefore proposed to gain her purpose by a line of action all her own, by a method which her woman's wit suggested. No doubt, the game

was dangerous; but love gave fillip to her courage, and the gentlest and most retiring of her sex chose to be, for her purpose, the cruellest and the most consummate actress.

Throwing off the modest garments of the house-wife, Nila put on the gaudy dress of the professional courtesan. She hid her simple queenly beauty underneath the provoking impertinence of opulent jewellery. The shy, bending tread of the chaste woman was given up for the upright, energetic movement of a dancer proud of her jingling bells. Arrayed in this manner and accompanied by two knights, who were none else than her brothers-in-law, Nila gallantly put her soft foot to the stirrup, and rode off to the enemy's camp. She was resolved to run her neck into the very noose in order to free her lord, or, if it was not possible, to avenge him by flooring and killing his torturer! The fear of injury or death did hardly cross her mind; for, she was bent on conquering the obstacles against which she was up and acting, cost what it might!

Nila was soon in the enemy's camp. She discovered the cell where her husband lay incarcerated and stretched on the rack. Shortly after, there rang, from outside the prison bars, a melody which gave the sufferer the sweetest of surprises. His anguished soul was charmed not only by the music, but by the particular piece, and the particular voice. For, was it not the song which his wife had sung to him at parting? But, how was it that her voice was there? What miracle had happened to bring this about? Shaken with emotion, with his heart thumping into intolerable pain, he looked up, and saw only a courtesan! A moment later, however, he gazed in amazement at the face of the very queen of his heart in flesh and blood! Forgetting his pain, he kissed her lips in rapture through the iron bars, and poured forth words of love and gratitude while she spoke words of consolation and courage. She comforted him as best she could. She lauded the line of conduct he had pursued, and assured that death under such circumstances was but the acquisition of eternity. She vowed that she would not tarry in this world after his departure. Her words were like balm to his wounds, and Soorj Dehu died calm and happy, with the music of her voice ringing in his ears. He had suffered much, but God remembered him at the last moment and transformed the scene of his agony into paradise!

Now, Nila had her grim task to perform,—to kill the lion in its own den. She made her way to the Moorish captain's tent, and presently edified him by her deft and rhythmic movements. Blind to the trickery behind the divine vision before him, the grim soldier drank her beauty to intoxication. The strains of the bells which tinkled with the revolutions of the dancing feet

seemed, as they were borne on the dull air of his tent, to carry the message of love! He was only human, and, in a moment, gazed into the dark eyes of the *premiere danseuse* with the helplessness of a conquered man. His heart thumped inordinately, and he felt a passionate longing to hold her in his arms. Overwhelmed by the vision, he allowed his heart to run away with his head, and offered her a ring and a kiss!

All at once, there was a sudden transformation, a startling contradiction. A veritable goddess of fury flew at him, a dagger went whining into the air, and found a place in his heart! It did its work well! The big head of the stalwart warrior jerked back; and without uttering a cry, the man went sprawling down, never more to speak or act! A moment later, Nila stood triumphant over his prostrate form, and severed the head from the body.

With a look of triumph in her face and with the bleeding head of the tyrant in her hands, Nila rushed back to where her husband lay in death and her brothers lay in waiting. The funeral pile was instantly prepared and lit, and Nila mounted it, placing her dead husband's head in her lap. A blazing holo-caust presently swallowed man and wife, the one dead and the other embracing death; for death was, to a Rajput Sati, but a stepping stone from life in this world to a new divine existence in company with her lord. Part of existence in this life, a wife could not but be so after death!

The two gallant Rajput chiefs returned home with a clay urn containing the ashes of the departed hero and heroine; and while the Rajput world was mourning and applauding them, a wail of horror and consternation was rising from the grim and ghastly scene in the Muslim camp; and one more cause was registered for the fight between Rajput and Muslim.

II

THE MARTYRDOM OF KRISHNA KUMARI

Rana Bhima Singh (1775—1825) of Udayapur was, like his namesake in the time of Sultan Alau-ddin, an unlucky man. He had a daughter, Krishna Kumari by name, who was famous all over Rajasthan for her exquisite symmetry of figure and unrivalled nobility of mind. Her face was such as to make an instant conquest of men. The rays of her dark and flashing eyes were like the penetrating arrows of the god of love. Her lips, full and inviting, covered a set of pearls, a smile through which flitted constantly across the face and made the atmosphere around her a happy fairy-land. Her features were cast in a divine mould, and indicated how pure was the soul within. In a word, she seemed to be the impersonation of the delicate subtlety and the alluring charm of ideal femininity.

All the young princes of Rajputana competed for her hand; but fortune, or misfortune as we have to call it in the light of what happened, gave her to the young prince of Jaipur, Jagat-singh. The preliminaries of betrothal were formally gone through by the priests and elders, and consecrated into an irrevocable bond by solemn invocations of divine grace in temples; and both the States put on the garments of festivities for the coming wedding.

But Raja Mann Singh of Marwar could not reconcile himself to this. He sought the princess' hand for himself and could not, in spite of the fact that the bond between the proposed bride-groom and bride had been cemented by semi-religious sanction, take away his thoughts from running in the same groove. He tried his best to make Bhima Singh go back on his word, but in vain. Embittered by disappointment, the Raja of Marwar changed his attitude to one of hatred and vindictiveness, and sought the assistance of Amir Khan, a firebrand who owned big battalions at this time and sold his services to the Mahratta and Rajput chiefs who paid him best. The Raja of Marwar also sought and obtained the help of Daulat Rao Sindia who had a grievance against Mewar for her irregularity in paying tribute to him. Thus it was that the Afghan troops of Amir Khan, the Mahrattas of Daulat Rao Sindia, and the Rajput ranks of Mann Singh attacked the fort of Udayapur. Jagath Singh of Jaipur came to the help of his would-be father-in-law.

In the war which followed, fortune turned in favour of the enemies of Udayapur, and it seemed that it would be swept off the face of the earth. Amir Khan was bribed with one-fourth of the Rana's lands, but the war did not cease: the Raja of Jodhpur refused to sheathe his sword till he secured Krishna Kumari's hand, and the prince of Jaipur was equally resolved to prevent it. Udayapur was reduced to a desert, and there was no end to the misery of its people. The ancient Trojan war could scarcely have been so catastrophic as this war for the sake of the Rajput Helen.

Raja Bhima Singh was in a dilemma. He felt that he was helpless and at the end of his resources. The crushing blows he received had paralysed him. He had either to lead a forlorn hope against the enemy and die in the attempt to save his crown, or to sue for peace by abandoning the proposed marriage. He was willing to do neither. Reluctant to cancel the marriage, on the one hand, and to lose his all on the other, he was unable to scheme out a solution of the extremely difficult situation in which he found himself. Just at this moment, a singularly saturnine but characteristic suggestion was made to him by Amir Khan.

It was nothing else than this—that Krishna Kumari, the source of these sanguinary strifes, should cease to exist !

The Rana was thunderstruck to hear this. His eyes sparkled and his lips compressed grimly at the cool, audacious, callous and unnatural proposal. He remembered the pensive beauty, the confiding love, and the sweet innocence of his beloved child, and he could hardly even imagine that he would have either the will or the nerve to execute such a nefarious and odious plan. But the suggestion once made had a strange fascination for him. The lapse of time whetted the sense of horror, and the danger which was rising every moment made him believe that the time was come when he could not go a step too far to save his clan and land. There was no moment for hesitation. A flash of resolution then came into his eyes and, with a look of poignant sorrow and deep melancholy, dignified by the calm of resignation, he consulted his daughter !

Now, Krishna Kumari had been puzzled of late at the glances turned against her. She had seen that there was something in the wind, and been stirred uneasily by it, but had been in the dark as to what was being driven at. She now understood everything, knew the solution of the mystery. All at once she felt that her people had thrust their head into the hornet's nest for her sake ; that her father, family and country were running into the gravest danger on account of her. Why was she born to be a source of such misery to those who were dear to her ? Why was it that her beauty, instead of making everything in her world bright and beautiful, cast a gloom and a blight over it ? Every nerve and muscle in her body tingled with anguish at the thought that her existence meant extinction to so many ! Life, she felt on a sudden, was no longer the fairy-land of love into which she had roamed of late, but a burden too heavy to be borne. Her resolution was made ! Her face cleared, she must swallow all other emotions and give up her life ! What was there strange in it in a Rajput lady ? Had not thousands of her race embraced fire and death for the sake of honour ? She must not be untrue to the call of duty, however cruel that call was ! With a calm, therefore. which kept up the usual expression of her face and the usual inflection of her voice, she assured her father that she would offer herself at the altar of duty. She would prove that a woman's love could walk into death itself for the sake of glory and honour !

But it was easier to plan than to execute. How was the nefarious task to be carried out ? The king approached his brother, Daulat Singh, to come to the rescue, and for once came to know that his brother could be disobedient. Struck with

horror at the abominable plot, Daulat turned angrily upon the unnatural father and, in a manner which was hardly engaging or in a voice which was hardly one of choice, he spurned the proposal, and refused to be in the least implicated in it.

The king thereupon sent the Yuvaraja to do it. Resolved to obey for the sake of his country, he went sword in hand to deal the fatal blow. But when the young and sweet lady, the flower of her land, stood before him in her innocence, the deadly weapon slipped out of the sturdy arm, the lips broke forth into a groan; and feeling unequal to the strain, he shook himself free of the business; and going to the king, acknowledged himself too weak to do it! He could meet a host of men in battle, but could not strike a helpless, innocent girl, the pride of her sex and race, helplessly circumstanced as they were!

Seeing that direct action carried with it a real hazard to his plan, Raja Bhima Singh proposed to have Krishna Kumari poisoned quietly in the palace. The hands that fed and adorned the body of the princess, however, refused to mix poison to spirit her soul away! Puzzled by these unexpected situations, the king was cogitating with himself as to how the knotty problem was to be solved, when Krishna Kumari herself faced him and, going directly to the point, offered, with unclouded face and tearless smile. to do the thing with her own hand!

The Raja was ill at ease. He was abashed, surprised, self-contemptuous, at his own cruelty; but he had gone too far to go back. Time passed none too heavily with him, and there was no use of surrendering to what he at this stage regarded as sentimental folly. He therefore gave his consent, though with a heavy heart.

The poison was prepared in the palace. It was indeed deadly in its constituents, but it failed to act on the strong constitution of the princess. A second time, and a third, the attempt proved equally futile; but the fourth succeeded. The fair form that had moved the hearts of so many men and the hosts of so many kings lay at length unconscious, to rise no more.

And the city of Udayapur was in deep mourning. The voices and footsteps were silent in her gardens and pavilions. The palace and the hut were equally the scenes of lamentations.

The Kerala Kalamandalam.

A RESUME OF ITS ACTIVITIES

(Contributed.)

[In connection with the Corner-Stone-laying ceremony of the Kerala Kalamandalam's New Block of buildings performed by Sir M. Krishnan Nair, Quondam Law Member to the Madras Government, at Cheruthurithi, near Shoranur, the following a resume of the Kalamandalam's activities from its inception to date will be read with interest.]

History. When Poet Vallathol took up the cause of Kathakali, the eyes of the Malayalees opened to the true artistic value of Kathakali, but few were willing to give any substantial help. However, with the help of Mr. Mukunda Raja, a scion of an ancient family who ruled over parts of Malabar centuries ago, he ventured out and invited all living Kathakali actors to stage a come-back. About a hundred actors from different parts of Kerala responded to his call and gathered at Trichur in April, 1923. A programme of a week's play was opened which, though not a financial success, gave an impetus to the votaries of the art. Thereafter, every year such gatherings were held in different parts of Kerala. Towards the end of 1927 it was thought necessary to bring into being an association with the avowed object of starting an Academy of Fine Arts for the revival of Kathakali and other dying arts of the country and, with the help and sympathy of two dozen men hailing from all parts of Kerala, the Kerala Kalamandalam was registered at Calicut in December, 1927 with Mr. Manavedan Thirumulpad, the present Raja of Nilambur, as Patron, Poet Vallathol as Founder-President, and Mr. Mukunda Raja as Secretary. These gentlemen are still continuing in the same capacities.

Though it was resolved to start an Academy of Fine Arts, they had no ways and means to bring their ideal into action. They determined, however, to do their best and soon a chance opened.

In December, 1927, an invitation came from Dr. James H. Cousins to take a Kathakali troupe to Madras and give a performance at the World Theosophical Convention held at Adyar.

Poet Vallathol, in response, took a troupe of select artistes to Adyar and gave a two hour's performance which was much admired by the savants, scholars, and artistes assembled there from 37 countries of the world. This was a great encouragement to the Poet. Taking advantage of the situation, another show was organised under the auspices of the Malayali Club, Madras Of those who attended it was Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Iyer, the then

Law Member to the Government of Madras. Later Sir M. Krishnan Nair, as soon as he assumed charge of office as Law Member, readily gave permission for a raffle to raise funds for the Kalamandalam. As a result of the raffle a corpus of nearly Rs. 70,000 was got together.

A school of fine arts was formally opened under the auspices of the Kalamandalam in November, 1930 by the Valia Raja of Manakkulam, the present Kakkat Karnavappad, a great musician, poet and a reputed patron of all the arts, especially Kathakali. Sjt. Kunchu Kurup, the star actor of Kerala was appointed Headmaster, and he is still the head of the staff.

Work. The institution is being run on Gurukul system. Careful examination is conducted before the selection of students in the academy. At present the academy consists of a Kathakali School, a music academy attached to it with particular leanings on Kathakali music, classes in playing the various instruments in the Kathakali orchestra and a training class in " Mohini Attam ", and indigenous school of dancing in Kerala where girls receive training in that art.

Kathakali is a most intricate and complicated art and it takes years for one to get proficiency in all the various branches of its elaborate technique.

Massage of the body is a very important part of Kathakali training. This is done only during the monsoons in Malabar. A particular oil is rubbed over the pupil's body and the teacher carefully belabours every limb with his feet (the boy lying down on the floor). This is known to have wonderful powers of making every muscle in the body soft and pliable.

Training of the eyes is another important item. The practice is given usually in the small hours of the morning. The students rub ghee round their eyes before the exercise. There are nearly a dozen different movements of the eye-balls. There is no emotion be it ever so subtle or so intense, that cannot adequately be expressed by the eyes of a well-trained Kathakali actor.

So also they train every muscle of their face.

Simultaneously with this, lessons are given in *mudras* or gestures. There are about 600 to 800 gestures which can be learnt within three or four months.

The actor must be well-versed in Puranic and religious lore since all the stories are taken from epics and other sacred books.

Present State, Achievements and Future. The headquarters of the Kalamandalam is now at Mulakunnathukavu, a small village near Trichur in Cochin State. Apart from the fact that it is an out-of-the way corner, the Kalamandalam has no habitation of its own there.

It is gratifying to note that the Governments of Cochin and Travancore are keenly alive to the value of the work done by the Kalamandalam and had given financial support to it during the first years of its existence. The present site upon which the foundation for the new buildings is being laid, is the gift of the Cochin Durbar, who kindly acquired a plot of land to the extent of about six acres, half the value whereof was contributed by the Kalamandalam itself. The site itself is one which possesses a high and irresistible artistic appeal, lying as it does on an alluring spot on the Southern side of the Bharata River and on the Northern-most boundary of the Cochin State. It is within easy access of passengers at the Shoranur Railway Junction, being barely 4 furlongs from the station, and also within the range of Motor and other forms of traffic passing along the Shoranur—Trichur Trunk Road.

The financial state of the Kalamandalam at present is not very reassuring. The corpus fund (to the value of about Rs. 70,000) is invested in loans bearing security in the form of landed property, the interest accruing therefrom being utilised towards defraying the recurring expenses of the institution. The amount under the last head comes to about Rs. 400 per month and a difficult situation has arisen due to the fact that the payments from the creditors have not been regular, chiefly owing to the fall in agricultural prices and the general economic depression. The management, therefore, finds it hard to make both ends meet and deficits have been occuring for the past two years.

In view of these facts, it is evident that the Kalamandalam cannot hope to find the necessary funds out of its own purse to push through the present scheme to completion. The estimated cost of this scheme is about Rs. 60,000 and a very large portion of this amount is yet to be found. The idea is to raise this sum through donations and public subscription, and it is the earnest hope of the Kalamandalam that with the active sympathy and support of the enlightened public of Kerala, there will be no difficulty in realising this amount. A decent start has been given to the collection work by Miss Beatrice Straight of England who has generously contributed Rs. 2000 towards this amount. Miss Straight was among those who witnessed the Kathakali performance given by the Kalamandalam at Bombay in February last. It is to be hoped that our patrons nearer home will not be slow to follow her up.

The Kalamandalam has been endeavouring in the last few years to extend the scope and range of its activities and undertook exhibition tours with the purpose of popularising Kathakali. In the first quarter of 1935 a Kathakali troupe travelled to Burma, where they received enthusiastic and whole-hearted

admiration. Again, in December, 1935 responding to an invitation from the Eighth All India Oriental Conference, held at Mysore, the Kalamandalam took their Kathakali troupe and gave a performance under the auspices of the Conference. Afterwards the troupe visited various cities in Northern and Central India, returning to Malabar in the second week of May. The members of the troupe throughout the tour were the recipients of unstinted praise for the excellence of their performances. It was one of the rarest opportunities for carrying on effective propaganda on behalf of Kathakali, and as far as this aspect of the tour is concerned, it has been undoubtedly a most successful one. But due to a variety of causes, the tour proved a failure financially, and the total receipts of the shows fell short of expenditure by about Rs. 1,500. The Press of all the provinces through which the troupe travelled was most encouraging and friendly.

The school which began work with barely more than half a dozen students on its rolls has made steady progress. The number of students has grown and, within the last five years Kalamandalam has given training in Kathakali to such well-known dancers as Shantimoya Ghose and Saradindo Kumar Sinha of Shantiniketan, Shreemati Hatheesingh from Ahmedabad, Sunalini Devi from Bombay, Rajendra Shanker (brother of Uday Shanker), Sri Ragini Devi and two young students from far-off Holland. Besides, Kalamandalam counts as its admirers and sympathisers such art-critics and art-lovers, well-known in their fields, as Dr. J. H. Cousins, Uday Shanker, Sir C. V. Raman and Lady Raman, the Maharajas of Mysore and Baroda, Sir George Stanley, (late Governor of Madras), Lord Erskine (Governor of Madras) Miss Alice Boner from Switzerland, Mrs. Stan Harding of England, Prof. Stasiak from Poland and quite a host of other distinguished men and women from different parts of the world. Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, M. H. Brown of the Illustrated Weekly of India, Kanaiyalal H. Vakil of The Bombay Chronicle, K. M. Munshi, N. C. Mehtha, I. C. S., Nalini Tarkhud of Poona, Miss Lena Sarabhai of Ahmedabad, etc., are some of those who have expressed their high appreciation of the art of Kathakali and the record of the Kalamandalam in reviving it.

Two of the students of the Kalamandalam who, by their exhibition of the art in foreign countries have won great reputation and thereby shed much lustre on their Alma Mater deserve mention—they are Sjt. Gopinath and Sjt. Madhavan, the latter of whom is now engaged in an international tour with Uday Shanker. The Kalamandalam hopes to send out more and more of its students to different parts of the country, who, it hopes, will be the torch-bearers of the art and culture of Kerala.

Abolish Harmoniums.

BY MAUD McCARTHY (TANDRA DEVI)

WHY are harmoniums used in Indian temples?

These bastard instruments were brought to India by missionaries, who, however good their intentions and labours may be, are notedly philistines where the arts and cultures of India are concerned.

Such an instrument as the harmonium has no affinity with the Indian nature, and has been foisted on India by exploiters and mere tradesmen. The scales of the harmonium are false. They stultify natural musical instincts by compelling the voice to sing out of tune. The tone or quality of sound is cruel and raucous, ruining all voices that imitate it.

Since when has it become legitimate to praise God by making such abominable noises? The councils of many of the Temples have permitted themselves to the use of an infernal machine in the service of God. If they want to imitate Christians, then let them have Church Organs, which at least are beautiful sounding instruments, though in my opinion not beautiful enough for the praise within a Temple.

Are not the instruments of India good enough for purposes of worship?

Will not the Temples at least keep pure the Religious, National and Artistic soul of India? Were the Councils of Temples to take up this matter, I doubt not but that the general use of harmoniums by the public could be stopped within a short time. What a simple action—but with what far-reaching results!

Have those who permit the use of the harmonium in Temple services ever considered the effects of vibrations upon the souls of the worshippers?

Scientifically, the vibrations emitted by the harmonium are destructive of much that is finest in performers and listeners.

Scientifically, the vibrations emitted by vina, tambura, sarenghi, etc., being true, are constructive—health and life-giving.

Were it not better, also, to employ the thousands who now work at the soulless task of assembling harmoniums, on creating India's incomparable musical instruments together with any instruments of Western type which, being true and natural (such as violins, flutes, cellos, etc.), must also be equally acceptable to Heaven?

—*The Bombay Sentinel.*

Art Treasures in Switzerland

BY L. BIRCHLER

SWITZERLAND is widely known as the land of great Alpine scenery, of glaciers, waterfalls and lakes, but comparatively few people know its towns and less still are aware of the existence of numerous art treasures, comparable to those of the most famous collections in Europe. A hundred years ago, Italy was the goal of every art-lover. Then Dutch art was re-discovered, whereupon the Gothic cathedrals of France and England and the treasures of the French Provence were duly appreciated. Austrian cities, Prague, Nuremberg and Rothenburg then had their turn, and at the present moment the ancient towns of the Dalmatian coast are attracting the interest of the cultivated traveller.

Since the publication of H. Jenny's Art Guide to Switzerland (Kunstfuhrer der Schweiz) Switzerland seems finally to come into its own. This Guide should decide many a tourist, who visits this small Alpine country for recreation, to devote a few days if not weeks to the most important art collections and picturesque towns, though they are generally outside the beaten track of the ordinary traveller, the climber or the winter sportsman.

The most valuable *paintings* and drawings, such as the large Holbein Collection, works of Conrad Witz and other early painters are found in the Art Gallery of Basle. Modern Swiss Art is very well represented in the galleries of Zurich, Basle, Berne and Geneva.

Stained glass windows, ancient *furniture* and works of *decorative* art are so splendidly assembled in the Swiss National Museum in Zurich, that it can rival with the greatest museums of Europe in this respect. And some of the Sections in the Historical Museums of Berne, Basle and Geneva show equal quality. Private collections such as the Reinhart Collection of Modern Art in Winterthur, which is one of the leading ones of Europe, are also of great importance. There is a great number of smaller local museums in Switzerland, one of which has been opened in the most recent building of its kind, the Kunsthaus of Lucerne.

Switzerland is especially rich in *picturesque old towns*, some of which have retained their mediaeval character. Among these are

the famous towns of Stein a. Rhein, Schaffhausen, Zug, Morat, Fribourg, Estavayer, Gruyeres and Ste. Ursanne. Less known are Brigue, Sion, Chur, Sargans, Bischofszell, Rapperswil, Romont, Bulle, Zofingen and Lenzburg or Beromunster. But the older parts of towns like Lucerne, Berne, Lausanne, Geneva, Neuchatel and Basle are also worth inspecting and nobody should miss a visit to the Baroque towns, Solothurn and Schwyz.

Imposing *ruins* of the ancient *Roman period*, which are of the greatest interest from an archeological point of view, have been excavated at Avenches ("Aventicum"), at Windisch ("Vindonissa") and at Basel-August ("Augusta Rauracorum"), the amphitheatres being especially appreciated by the modern traveller. Among the great number of *Romanesque* buildings we may mention the churches of Payerne and Schaffhausen, the Zurich Grossmunster, the Valeria of Sion, in the Rhone Valley, and San Vittore at Locarno. The magnificent Cathedral of Lausanne—the finest of Switzerland—and the minsters of Basle and Geneva belong to the group of great *Gothic* cathedrals of France. Very remarkable are the *late Gothic* minsters of Fribourg and Berne. Lausanne and Konigsfelden can boast of *Stained Glass Windows* equal to the best that are seen in France. The late Gothic Town Hall of Basle is the richest found along the Rhine, while that of Zug is famous for its splendid hall.

Of the great number of smaller Gothic buildings of high quality we specially note the convent church of Kappel, the St. Oswald Church of Zug and the Kirchbubl Church near Sempach, with its valuable fresco cycle. The best-known *mediaeval Castles* are those of the Canton of Vaud, e. g. Chillon, Vufflens, Blonay, etc., while those of the Grisons are the most interesting ones. There are hundreds of picturesque castles and ruins in the country and a society, formed for their preservation, the "Burgenverein", takes its members for visits to these ancient structures.

One of the best examples of *Early Renaissance* architecture is the "facade" of Lugano Cathedral. The *Renaissance* is chiefly represented by decorative work, especially on a great variety of fountains. The most beautiful *Baroque* buildings are the numerous churches and convents, among which Einsiedeln and St. Gall equal the finest Baroque churches of Austria and Southern Germany, while the poetic charm of pilgrimage churches such as Werthenstein, Hergiswald, St. Ottilien etc. is most impressive. Of further interest are the octagonal church of Muri and the convent churches of St. Urban, Rheinau, Engelberg,

Disentis, Seedorf etc., as well as the festive late Baroque buildings of Schwyz and Chum and the Solemn Classicism of the Solothurn Cathedral.

The *profane architecture* of Basle, Zurich and Berne and of French Switzerland show graceful modifications of foreign post-mediaeval forms, while the Baroque manors of the Cantons Grisons and Schwyz and the Freuler Palace of Naefels possess magnificent pannelling and other decorative qualities. The original forms of the Swiss peasant-house have only been appreciated recently, thanks to the movement of the "Heimatschutz-Verein". The *arts and crafts* were also highly developed in this country, and their work is not found in museums only.

The traveller, who strolls through Swiss towns and villages with his eyes open, will soon find an "embarras de richesse". He will discover the fact, that Switzerland is ten times richer in good old art than he ever expected it to be. (N. I. A. I.)

The Rose.

BY THE REV. F. H. ALDHOUSE, M. A.

THERE was an old moss-rose bush growing up the wall of our house in Baltray, Co. Louth. Baltray is beside the sea and the combined tang of salt in the air and the smell of the roses is one of my earliest recollections. I loved that moss-rose bush as child and boy; as I do now when time's frosts are greying and gristling my hair. For I have returned to the old home with a tolerable fortune and the rose blooms and perfumes the air still as in the dear dead years past. So much has gone out of my life, friends, parents, wife, but the moss-rose will last my time.

It was not only the colour and the perfume that I admired, the flowers were so perfect in their outlines, every petal exactly placed aright and contributing its own share to the lovliness of the whole.

I had one little sister and her name was Rosa. It is natural for brother and sister to love one another but I think there were none that loved each other more than I and that beautiful child. She was of what is called 'the fairy type' delicate and perfect, with jet black hair, a wonderfully fair complexion which sometimes accompanies it, dark blue eyes and lips that always suggested to me petals of her namesake. I have never known a child that seemed so perfectly happy as Rosa was, her constant gentle laughter and the soft sound of her little dancing feet are an undying memory of long, long ago. We played by the Boyne in scenes of beauty and the wonder of a mighty past whose stories of Kings, druids, heroes and the Sidi were our Joy.

Rosa and I were inseparable; we used to watch the wonderful sunrises out to sea; and the more magical sunsets out along the Boyne to westward. We knew the call of every bird, the many wild flowers were our friends, life was an enchanted life for us children, the sad and awful thing called human existence was known only to us as was the distant crooning of the waves. Great storms might break out to sea, and wash things ashore for our delight, queer people in Dublin might wage a civil war but these were unhappy far off things that only added zest to our certain peace and happiness in our rose wrapped cottage by their very contrast.

And then as suddenly as a storm breaks unexpectedly on the unwary mariner, the awful thing called Death burst on my happy boyhood like thunder in a clear sky.

I think I sensed evil as I cycled home from Drogheda where I had been at the Grammar School. It was a Saturday half holiday. I always waited for the family lunch and did not lunch that day at school. My bicycle punctured badly when I reached Queensboro' and as it would not hold on even for a few minutes and I was anxious not to be late I ran along wheeling it. I met an old woman from whom we bought eggs to suppliment our own supply. She tried to talk to me but I ran on.

" 'scuse me. Mrs. Raferty." I cried "I'm hurrying home."

Then I saw there was something very much the matter with Mrs. Raferty and slowed down. "Why you're crying." I said.

"I am, Master Derrin " she answered. "Grief comes to all, to an old woman like me. An' maybe, sir, sometimes to a young boy like yourself. I won't say more, avick, but I wouldn't hurry so fast, me dear, there is plenty of time, an' we none of us know what's waiting us at our journey's end."

She hurried away and I slowed down a little feeling uneasy and perplexed. I came to our door and smelt the perfume of the summer roses. It was not our servant old Meg or mother who opened the door to me, it was father. I saw his face was flushed and full of pain.

"I want speak to you a moment, my child," he said in a curiously constrained and toneless voice. "Come in here, Derrin."

I followed feeling sick with dread ; what could have happened?

"Derrin dear," father said. "You are only a very young boy and your mother and I have shielded you as far as we have been able from anything that would hurt you." He paused. "From sorrow and loss—these come, my boy, to us all, to everyone. I have something to say which I wish to Almighty God I had not to say, but it must be done. Derrin, Rosa has met with an accident—it was a bad accident—she is gone from us, my poor little boy."

I never saw a man cry before, and I had no power to weep myself. I felt my head begin to ache like the throbs of a drum, I ran out of the room sick.

I can remember little of what followed, of Mother's caresses and what was said to comfort me—and did not, one thing kept singing in my ears 'Rosa is gone from us' and 'she fell into the Boyne.'

Finally the doctor gave me something and the pain melted into a horrid sleep full of nightmare. In the early hours of the morning I awoke. I pulled up the blind to see if day was coming, a long ray of moonlight streamed into my little room and in the pillar of moonshine, oh wonder! poignant and exquisite floated Rosa.

"O Derrin, darling," she said. "O don't cry like that dearest, I am not dead, don't think it. I have gone back to my rose bush. I am the Fairy of the Rose. I had to leave you all for a reason I cannot tell now, but I could never have grown up, we come as children and we go as children it is our experience of mortal life. Derrin darling, every time you kiss my blossoms I will kiss you again. I can never grow old, and you will always be young too in your heart because we loved, we love and we shall love."

Years have flown as clouds flee across the sky but in the moss-rose my Fairy dwells. She tells me of her tearless life of joy and sympathises and helps me. I kiss the rose leaves and I feel a child's soft warm lips respond. Time, she tells me, is but an illusion, we are externally young together, and when this old body passes a boy and a girl will walk hand in hand in a land where there is no parting or death or tears.

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Nature's Cure is Safe and Sure.

BY FRANZ F. SCHWARZENSTEIN

THE healing powers of Mother Nature were held by the ancient mystics to be divine miracles. As far back as we are able to trace the history of man, we find him bowing his head in wonder and reverence before this greatest of physicians; willingly yielding his suffering body into her motherly hands, and praying to her with offerings of sacrifices. Right up to the present time,—indeed, perhaps more to-day than ever before—we have been in the habit of systematically making use of Nature's healing gifts to alleviate the ills of body and mind. Her cures are many and varied, but nowhere is there to be found a greater abundance than on German soil, transformed by them and by a great diversity of beneficial climatic conditions into a veritable "garden of health". Above all, a garden for the healthy and for the sick, for the beauties of Nature are good for everyone, and it is just this beauty, of which the baths and spas of Germany may be justly proud.

It sounds like a joke when the resident physician at a cure relates, we are, as a matter of fact, indebted to a cow for our medicinal springs. "One day a cowherd noticed that one of his animals which had been ailing, had been accustomed to drinking from a certain spring every day, and after a while was entirely well again. He tried the water from this curious spring himself, and it did him good. Soon other people began to come here and the modest little spring is now surrounded by a world-famed cure." Many healing springs have been discovered in this accidental way in times past, though most of the best known German springs have been in use for more than 1000 years. In Baden-Baden, Wiesbaden, Badenweiler, and Aachen, one still can see the ancient bathing-places of the Romans, who bathed their rheumatic limbs in the warm waters of the thermal springs. In Bad Bertrich on the Rhine, the 25-meter deep well and basin built by the Romans as a container for the mineral spring water, is still in use to-day. The general character of bath cures, as well as drinking cures, have not changed perceptibly during the past ten centuries. Modern bath cure science, known as Balneology, has perfected what was already known in part, has improved the technical construction for making the waters more conveniently accessible, and, above all, after 50 years of research work, has succeeded in placing in the hands of the medical profession exact analyses of the various medicinal waters, thereby facilitating the

work of the doctor desiring to prescribe a cure. Other forms of cure, such as inhalation of fine salt spray, mud-baths, and fango packings, have been added. Research institutes are continually at work developing further uses for these secret healing powers of Nature, the foremost among them being at Wiesbaden, Bad Nauheim, Bad Homburg, Aachen, Elster, Ems, and Salsuflen.

In the opinion of medical science, there is hardly a chronic ailment which cannot be helped by one of the many natural mineral waters from German springs. These are primarily either hot or cold, according to their subterranean source, and on the wat to the earth's surface, they pick up substances which have a healing effect on the human system, when given proper doses. Among these substances are; sulphur, arsenic, phosphorus, Iodine, silicia acid, iron, calcium chloride, sodium, etc., together with certain quantities of carbonic acid and helium, released by the nitrogen and hydrogen gases under the enormous pressure of the earth's weight. Singly or together, these elements march forward to battle against disease and suffering. It would be impossible to even mention the hundreds of such baths in Germany. Below is a brief table of baths and cure to be recommended by the attending physician after careful examination of his patient and diagnosis of the ailment; It will give the reader an idea of the great number of healing springs to be found in Germany.

93	Baths	for	rheumatism and diseases of the joints.
82	,,	,,	gout, diabetes, Basedow's disease.
72	,,	,,	diseases of women.
54	,,	,,	diseases of the nervous system.
47	,,	,,	diseases of the respiratory organs.
40	,,	,,	diseases of the circulatory system (heart, arteries).
35	,,	,,	Scrofula, rachitis, diseases of children.
31	,,	,,	diseases of the blood, anaemia, etc.
27	,,	,,	diseases of the digestive system.
15	,,	,,	diseases of the kidneys and bladder.
13	,,	,,	skin diseases.

Too much economy in time or money, when taking a cure, is a mistake. If the mineral spring, the moor baths, or the change of climate, are to have any lasting good effects, the cure should never be of shorter duration than three to four weeks. It takes usually about two weeks before one is rid of the so-called "Brunnenkoller", or the adjustment of the system to the cure and change of air. Nor should one wait until the taking of a cure becomes peremptory, but rather begin at once to counteract a tendency to a certain ailment. It is by no means required that one should be sick, in order to visit a cure. Indeed, a brief cure is to be recommended to the perfectly healthy individual. The mere sojourn

in one of Germany's delightful baths, with its atmosphere of cheerfulness and restfulness, is the best kind of recuperation for body and mind, and gives to both renewed strength and energy. The mineral springs are not the only attraction at these cures. Climatic and weather conditions, altitude, the strength of the sun's rays, and temperature all have their proper places in this monster sanatorium of Mother Nature, M. D. To all who are weary, over-burdened, and exhausted, she sends her invitation—to the health-giving waters of the baths and cures, the forests and lakes, the mountains and the valleys of Germany, proud possessor of all these cures, which have earned it the title of the "land of healing."

Two Sister Heroines.

BY U. S. RAMACHANDRAN B.A. (Hons.)

CARLYLE in his book on Hero-worship, often remarks on the fact that great men of whatever nation they may be, present similarities of feeling and expression to one another, because all great men have understood the divine mystery immanent in all beings, "the divine idea of the world." It is perhaps because of this that we notice many resemblances in the respective writings of the great poet of the East, Kalidasa, and the great poet of the West, Shakespeare. Their heroes and heroines present many similarities of life and character. Sakuntala for example has a prototype in Miranda, the heroine of the Tempest and the resemblance is not only in their lives, but also in their character.

Orphaned quite early in life, both of them grow up under the care of their fathers. Heiresses to great titles, they are made to live humble lives.

For the first time we meet Sakuntala in the peaceful hermitage of her foster-father, Kanva. The hermitage stands amidst sequestered woods and flowery banks, fanned by fragrant gales and cooled by limpid waters. In that enchanted solitude, Sakuntala is seen watering the garden-plants with loving tenderness. She feels the affection of a sister for the young plants, and they thrive remarkably well under her care. She herself is described "as soft as the fresh-blown *Mallika*." She flits from plant to plant in a dream of bliss, with the whispers of the gay blossoms in her ear. Sakuntala is indeed a pure child of Nature, innocent, fresh and frank.

In the same way, Miranda, we are made to feel, is Nature's own sweet child. We find her in the midst of the surroundings of Nature, not a peaceful nature, as in the hermitage of Kanva, but angry Nature. The storm is raging round her :

> "The sky, it seems, would pour down, stinking pitch,
> But that the sea, mounting the welkin's cheek,
> Dashes the fire out."

The beautiful retreat of her father is in the Bermuda isles, "so many Edens, clustered like a knot of germs upon the bosom of the Atlantic, decked out in all the lavish luxuriance of Nature, with shades of myrtle and cedar, fringed round with groves of coral: each island a tiny paradise rich with perpetual blossoms". Miranda sees a wrecked vessel and her heart goes out in yearning pity to the poor drowning strangers. She "suffers with those

she saw suffer". Likewise, we are introduced to Sakuntala as the protectress of wild animals, which the king is forbidden to kill. Sakuntala is associated with the holy rites and rituals of the hermit Kanva. Miranda springs into beauty beneath the eye of her father, the princely magician. Her character also is of the same, innocent, fearless nature as that of the Indian girl.

Now the hero appears on the scene in both the dramas. In the Indian drama, King Dushyanta, who is out on a hunting expedition finds himself by pure accident near the holy *asramam* of Kanva. He hears the voices of Sakuntala and her maids as they were tending the garden plants. Entering in, he sees the bashful Sakuntala. A mere child of Nature, Sakuntala is struck with wonder at her new emotions. In fact she has fallen in love with the royal guest at first sight, and he has fallen in love with her. "Whoever loved that loved not at first sight?"

Even so it is with Miranda. Waking up from a soft sleep, she sees a stranger advancing towards her, who is none other than Prince Ferdinand of Naples, who has just been stranded on that island. Like Sakuntala, she has never seen a stranger before. She has never seen one of her own sex. She had for her companions only "the rocks and woods, the many-shaped, many-tinted clouds, and the silent stars: her playmates, the ocean billows, that stooped their foamy crests and ran rippling to kiss her feet." To her Ferdinand appears a God.

> "What is it? a spirit?
> It carries a brave form"

She falls in love with him at once:

> "I might call him
> A thing divine for nothing natural
> I ever saw so noble."

And to Ferdinand Miranda appears as a goddess, "a wonder," and he is determined to marry her and "make her the Queen of Naples."

The circumstances of their falling in love are also the same with both our heroines. Sakuntala's father is not at home but Sakuntala accedes to her lover's wish without regard to Kanva's feelings. Similarly, Miranda falls in love with Ferdinand without her father's knowledge. Prospero pretends to be wild with Ferdinand and sets him hard tasks. But Miranda pities the prince and her love for him is intensified by her father's opposition. Then comes in each case between the lovers a pretty love scene. Sakuntala in the naive simplicity of her nature doubts herself. She is afraid she is not beautiful. She is even afraid of being rejected. But she cannot dissemble the yearning thirst of her

soul. She betrays herself after a few vain attempts to hide her real passion. And then she is ready to place her all at his feet. Dushyanta on his part, loves her dearly: Sakuntala's beauty, grace and innocence hold his heart captive.

Ferdinand appears to the simple Miranda the pure ideal of all goodness. She is drawn irresistably to his feet. At first she says she has no experience in the world. She seeks to restrain herself, she calls modesty her jewel. And yet, the next moment she yields to him and asks him if he loves her. When he says that he does, she weeps and feels that she is unworthy of him. She weeps;

> "at mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
> What I desire to give and much less take
> What I shall die to want."

Finally her sacrifice is complete:

> "My husband, then,
> And mine (hand) with my heart in it."

And Ferdinand is happy with his "admired" Miranda.

To us at the present time, Miranda and Sakuntala may appear forward girls, because they speak out their love so unreservedly. But we must remember that as free children of Nature they are sublimely unaware of the conventional forms and idiom of society. The age-old instinct prompts them to hide their love, but only half-heartedly. Their coyness is like "the self-folding of a flower," spontaneous and unconscious. They are simple and unaffected, and have no false modesty. Their confession of their love bespeak perfect innocence and purity of their nature.

With Miranda's charming self-surrender and Ferdinand's thankful acceptance of his queen, the curtain falls, and the lovers disappear to sport with Amaryllis in the shade. Sakuntala's life which has flown evenly alongside Miranda's so far, now takes a different turn and hurries through dark valleys and dreary caves only to leap at length into the sunlight, triumphant, joyous, free.

It is clear however that they are made of the self-same stuff, animated by identical longings and impulses and touched with the primaeval simplicity of the earth and sky and stars.

India and the Fundamental Social Relations.*

BY Dr. GULTHERUS H. MEES, M. A., Ph. D.

TODAY in India the word *Varna-ashrama* is sure to rouse a great many feelings ranging between great enthusiasm and utter disapproval. Would it be possible to explain the phrase *Chaturvarnya* in such a way that it would satisfy the mind and feelings of persons reacting to them so differently? It certainly is possible. It is possible by losing all our subjective relations to these words and by trying to see them, as it were, for the first time, and of course, to test them by the methods of sociology. Truth is the only test which it is our duty to apply to them. An unpleasant Truth may never prevent us from changing our course of actions. We *must* have courage to look Truth in the face and not to close the eyes blinded by the Light. We must have the courage to face Truth and then to go to the last consequences in action. We may lose hold for a moment—we may feel as if the ground has been taken from underneath our feet. We may feel hurt. But at last truth of itself will come and uphold us. Eventually all will vanish—everything in our life will change and finally vanish, and only Truth will remain. This sounds dramatic and sometimes it may be dramatic. But often it is humorous too! When I was a young student some wise person said to me "Do not forget once in a while to look into the mirror and laugh at yourself." And then I began to do it. I did it most of all after I felt I did something useful or something great. After a time it came quite naturally and I began to laugh at my superstitions and vanities and at my prejudices;.........and then I began to bless this mirror—this most wonderful invention. Really it is very interesting if we look into the mirror—our dignity falls away and we see such a luminous picture of ourselves, it is quite worth while. But at our last look we behold some deeper dignity—something of the only true dignity which is at the bottom of us all—that of the dignity purified from all the little personal things. We must do this in our inner way. We must hold before the mirror of Truth all human inventions. And we see suffering on account of bondage, vanity, fanaticism, and ignorance. But at the same time something in us in the depth of our heart is laughing. This fundamental laughter is a great blessing of God. It makes life much easier. It makes

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life most enjoyable. Let us in this light consider the fundamental structure of society.

I am sure the ancient Hindu theory of Varna is a theory meant not for India alone but a universal doctrine. We must pay Chathurvarna theory the compliment of looking upon it as a universally applicable theory.

In various Puranas and other places all the continents are described and it is stated most emphatically that there were these fourfold classes corresponding to the four Varnas. This we know from the Gita and deeper scriptures. Some authors like Dr. Ketkar have taken the point of view that there was not in reality any Hindu Dharma but the Dharma of Man.

Varna and Dharma are the universal conceptions and not the inventions of Hindus. Various ancient nations knew Dharma in its fundamental aspects by some other names. The Jews knew it as Tsedaka, the Greeks as Dike, the Romans as Fas, and the Chinese knew it as Teh.

The Hindu Dharma however must also be given place as well as Chinese Dharma or English Dharma. It is not universal Dharma—neither it is only common law or custom but in the organic world picture it is the special culture contributed to the culture of the world. We can only see in the international light. Manava Dharma is exactly the same for the Hindu in India as it is for the Englishman in England or the Chinese in China. There is no difference at all. This fourfold division is a universal phenomenon. In most ancient as well as the most modern cultures there is this fourfold division into (1) labour classes, (2) middle classes, (3) higher classes, consisting of Government officials and (4) business magnates. Even in Soviet Russia four classes are officially recognised:— peasants, soldiers, intellectual workers and manual workers.

Plato compared the state to the human soul and Aristotle more appropriately to the human body. This is the organic picture of society. Both saw four fundamental classes.

The great Abul Fazal in the introduction to Ain-i-Akbari, perhaps inspired by Hindu teaching or by Plato also divides society into four classes. I should like to quote his words in Blochmann's translation :

"By means of the warmth of the ray of unanimity and concord, a multitude of people become fused into one body, and the people of the world may be divided into four classes: 1. *Warriors* who in the political body have the nature of fire. Their flames, directed by understanding, consumes the straw and rubbish of rebellion and strife, but kindle also the lamp of rest in this world of disturbances. 2. *Artificers and Merchants*, who hold the place of air. From their labours and travels, God's gifts become

universal and the breeze of contentment nourishes the rosetree of life. 3. *The Learned,* such as the philosopher, the physician, the arithmetician. the geometrician, the astronomer, who resemble water. From their pen and their wisdom, a river rises in the drought of the world, and the garden of the creation receives from their irrigating powers a peculiar freshness. 4. *Husbandmen and Labourers,* who may be compared to earth. By their exertions the staple of life is brought to perfection, and strength and happiness flow from their work. It is therefore obligatory for a king to put each of these in its proper place, and by uniting personal ability with a due respect for others, to cause the world to flourish—The grand political body maintains its equilibrium by the above four ranks of men ".

This represents a clear scientific picture and it agrees remarkably with the original Varna theory.

A hundred years ago a German called Adam Muller presented a doctrine with religious basis of four classes similiar to those I just mentioned. His classes were: 1. The clergy, including the teaching classes. 2. The nobility, consisting of landed proprietors and military men. 3. The class of those occupied in business, traffic and intercourse and 4. The class of those occupied in industry and productive labour. This man had never heard of varnas but he drew his own conclusions from society.

What is the main function of every one of the four groups in relation to the others? It is service. Each serves society by its particular capacities. Human culture is founded upon mutual service. Service is the performing of one's work. One class serves with its hands, another class serves with its brain. There is only one organ with which *all* Varnas serve: the heart. All serve with their heart.

The human community may be compared to a human body. Every class represents a particular organ or member of this body and every individual represents a cell in an organ. Every cell does its duty and contributes to the well-being of the whole body. If one cell gets diseased, there comes a boil on the body which causes pain to the organ and to the person. If one organ begins to lose contact with the whole and works exclusively for its own benefit. forgetting the well-being of the whole, it becomes a cancerous tumour, endangering the life of the whole. At various times in the world's history some class of persons became such a cancerous tumour, endangering the continuation of culture. Whether it is a ruling class which begins to exploit the other classes, or a class of labourers, it is equally wrong, for a healthy and normal society consists of all four classes, working in healthy co-operation and carefully keeping only to their own province of social contribution. One cannot think with one's toes or speak with one's shoulders.

Socially there is the hierarchy of the four varnas, and if we consider the composition of society, we get a vertical picture, as

well as if we look at a human body. This means that there will be always social differences, and an ideal of human equality is *socially* impossible. Social equality is as impossible as a body in which every organ is a stomach or every organ a brain.

Human equality is however a matter of the heart. In the heart all persons are equal. As spiritual entities, as Jivas, there is no distinction between them. Democracy is fundamentally a mystic ideal. All movements propagating human equality were in their origin, before class-selfishness came in, movements of the heart, of the spirit. As political movements, they are bound to fail, as intellectual enterprises they are faulty.

In Hindu society there is also some confusion of these two points of view in these times, and the spiritual equality of man does not seem to be sufficiently realized in Hinduism today. In the philosophical works and in the Dharmasastras however the essential spiritual equality of men—and of men and women—is often expressed.

It is a great merit of Islam that it clearly distinguishes between the principle of social inequality and spiritual equality of men, and strongly upholds the latter. If a great prince goes to the mosque, he may sit side by side with a sweeper. No distinction is made. But in Islam the spiritual equality of women is not sufficiently realized. It was a great merit of Christianity in the first centuries to uphold spiritual equality. both among men, and women and to stress the value of the individual. Even now it is a strong point of Christianity, though in parts of India so-called human nature has proved too strong and the flock in the churches is divided into superior and inferior sheep, or even into white and black sheep (laughter). In America in some places it is similar as regards whites and negroes. So it seems that all the established religions are failing in some point or other. but Hinduism most, as regards the recognition of spiritual equality.

For a healthy society it is extremely important that no section of people regards another section as inferior in essence, and all idealist movements propagating brotherhood are extremely useful. Extremely useful, as long as the social organic inequality is not lost sight of. Brother-hood and only brother-hood can be the link between the various classes and groups of men, to make them work and strive for the common good in healthy co-operation, as the heart in propelling the blood through all the organs and members ensures the well-being of the body.

The organic picture of society is not a modern one. I already mentioned to you Aristotle who compared the state with the human body. In a more mystical way we find the Gnostic conception of the Cosmic Christ, a giant divine Man, of whose limbs

all men form part. In the Bhagavatpurana we read "On the disposition of the limbs of His Person, the worlds stand arranged." The Purusha conception, well-known to you, gives the organic view of society very clearly. The oldest picture is found in the Rig Veda: "......His mouth became a Brahmana, his arm was made of Rajanya (nobleman kshatreya). His thigh was transformed into a Vaisya and from his feet sprang the Sudra" and so on.

Also the world at large, taken not socially but geographically, culturally and economically may be considered as a giant living entity. This is a mystical conception as well, but here I mean it in a purely analogical way. We may then look for the two highest Varnas of every nation to contribute some special intellectual or cultural achievement or characteristic of that nation to the world, and we may look for the two lowest varnas to bring forth those products which it can produce easiest, cheapest and in the best quality and send them to other parts of the world where those are wanted in exchange of other products. We notice that only complete internationalism is scientific and can contribute to the general welfare of the world. Narrow nationalism which does not look beyond the frontiers of its own nation, and tries to be self-sufficient, is ruinous for the health of the world. Autarchy (economic self-sufficiency) and "splendid isolation" are unnatural and bring unfortunate results. "The world has arrived at a stage of such high development of traffic and intercourse that the only possible solution of the world's problems can be the World State. Politically it will have to provide a safeguard against nationalism and the aggressive or oppressive spirit of nations, economically it will have to provide an international organisation directing production in all countries on the basis of greatest efficiency, highest quality and least cost, and for directing the international barter of products and achievements on a healthy basis. For the moment various nations have become a kind of dangerous tumours in the world-body, and the whole economic system seems to be becoming more and more unnatural. In some parts of the world there is overproduction of certain foodstuffs, and they are at times even burnt; in other parts of the world there is lack of the same things and people starve. It is clear that only complete cooperation and a central directing authority can bring the solution of the present world crisis.

What is the difference between Varna and Caste? Varnas are the natural classes which are not manifest in the social constitution, yet represent the natural formation of communal life. As such they are existing classes, though only few persons may see and realize them behind the outer show of the social constitution, Varna can only be translated by *natural class*, Chaturvarnya

represents a kind of working hypothesis for social-educational purposes, based upon the theory of the natural or cultural hierarchy. Hence Varna must be seen only in a social-educational sense, and in this sense its importance is very great. It is of use to all members of society *first* to get a clear picture of the nature and structure of society, in distinguishing the social composition or natural or cultural hierarchy, *secondly*, to determine their own place in society, the nature of their work as social contribution, and *thirdly*, to be inspired by a sort of ideal most akin to their inner nature.

Varna, as I already said, has two aspects. As a theory of the Social Composition it represents existing groups of men. A gentleman will always be recognized as a gentleman, in every country. A selfish brute will always be recognized as of low degree. Every human being has some social sense of recognizing degrees of social usefulness and character in other people. All this is Varna.

But not all gentlemen are publicly recognized as such in society and have the status of a gentleman. Equally there may be selfish brutes that by some power (economical power, will power, physical energy) have exalted themselves to a place in the social constitution far above that which they hold in the natural or cultural hierarchy. Here Chaturvarnya comes in only as an ideal, as a model after which the social constitution has to be formed. The great social leaders are trying to have Varna manifested as completely as possible in the social constitution. Not by force, not by legislation, not by trying to change the outer forms of society, but by education, by personal example, by spiritual powers, by leading public opinion, by influencing the social mind. Whether the particular social constitution is a class system, largely economical, as is the case in the West, or is formed by a caste system, as in India—is immaterial. Social laws and social needs are universal.

From careful study of a number of old texts I have come to the conclusion that in the original Varna theory there are no artificial or man made bounds between the Varnas. Every man falls naturally into the Varna to which he by nature and character belongs, his social behaviour determines his place in the cultural hierarchy. As he unfolds his personality he may raise himself, his status to a higher varna which will result in his becoming acknowledged by the members of that varna as living according to its cultural standard.

One can find sufficient evidence in support of the various principles mentioned, and those of you who are particularly interested, I refer to my book "Dharma and Society". Only one

passage from the Mahabharata I should like to quote here: "A man, whether he be a Brahman, Kshatriya, Vaisya or Sudra, is such by nature, this is my opinion. By evil deed a twice born man falls from his position. The Kshatriya or Vaisya who lives in the condition of a Brahman, by practising the duties of one, attains to Brahmanhood......" and so on, even to the last consequences: "By practising the following good works, a Sudra becomes a Brahman" those good works being the proper performance of his Sudra duties of service and obedience!

In ancient history and mythology we find indeed many instances of people that were raised to higher classes, in particular to Brahmanhood.

In early times the social constitution of Hinduism must have been very near to the Varna doctrine. In modern times Hindu society has gone so far away from its original conception and ideal, that it is hard to imagine it was once based upon it. Hindu society has become artificially cramped into so many castes—as many as 3000. But now not the principle of social usefulness and character determines the social status, but only the caste of the parents. If the parents are Brahmans, the son is a Brahman, if the parents are Ezhavas, the son is an Ezhava, and nobody can help it. It is clear that this is directly opposed to the intention and social vision of the original social leaders and law givers.

In western society the same hereditary principle has been at work. In early times for instance a man became a nobleman by his deeds of chivalry and by his superior character. Later it degenerated into the system, in which one became an aristocrat, merely because one's father happened to be one. In many cases it may have been all right. In other cases it was decidedly wrong. The French revolution was one of the results.

The hereditary principle however has in no country developed to such an extent as in India. It works straight against a natural and healthy functioning of society. It also tends to weaken a race biologically. Admixture of blood is beneficial to the race.

It is however not advisable to attack it directly or revolutionarily. One must be very careful with social customs, especially if they are deeply ingrained in the mentality of the people. A satisfactory solution of any social problem can only be found by idealism, by clarifying the thoughts of the people, by ridiculing superstition, by influencing public opinion. The solution is a psychological one. One must first prepare the ideals and thoughts of the people, and then their customs will change as a natural result of a new mentality. If we want to make people more religious, do we change the rituals of their religion? No! We then

try to awaken the religious fire within their hearts! If that has been done the rituals will change or drop away of themselves. Similarly as regards social things: first idealism and clarity of thought. Let us not try too much to attack the customs directly. What is the use if we cannot influence the life of the people?

Before I close I would stress again that Chaturvarnya is a universal theory and that in all races and in all religions the four groups are to be found.

Many people today are deeply prejudiced against the *word* Varna. This is a pity, because if they tried to understand the Varna conception in its original intention, they would see that it can be of the greatest help and assistance to them in their merciless fight against caste.

If however people cannot overcome their aversions to the *word*, let them call the four fundamental groups in the organic body of human society by some other name. By all means let them call them "natural classes" or "cultural classes". The terms do not matter, as long as we understand what they stand for.

Another point which I want to stress once more because it is often misunderstood: Varnas can never be *instituted*. Simply because they *are* there all the time for the people who can see them. Division between men on this basis can never be *made*. It *is* there all the time.

All I have said in today's lecture may be boiled down into a few simple words: *All that is necessary is brotherhood and common sense.* But on the whole people are not fond of simplicity. The greatest truths are passed by in platitudes and the simpler things are, the more words are required to explain them. This is understandable, for "simple" means really "one fold".

It is a source of great satisfaction that there are some Indian leaders of society at the present day, so many Brahmans and Kshatriyas as in the true sense of those words, who have grasped the simple truths of society, and who have understood Swami Vivekananda, when he called out: "Anyone who claims to be a Brahman should prove his pretensions. First by manifesting that spirituality and next by raising others to the same status...... Arise (Brahmans!) and show your manhood, your Brahmanhood, by raising the non-Brahmans around you—not in the spirit of a master—not with the rotten canker of egotism crawling with supersistitions and charlantary of East and West—but in the spirit of a servant. For verily he who knows how to serve knows how to rule'."

Smile Awhile.

Bill Collector: Shall I come tomorrow ?

Young Lawyer: Twice, if convenient. I have an idea that people think you are a client.

* * * *

Motorist: Well, you are lucky this happened right in front of a doctor's house.

Victim: "Yes"—but I am the doctor.

* * * *

Dora had returned from Sunday School where she had been for the first time.

" What did you learn this morning ?" asked the father.

" That I am a child of Satan," was the cheerful reply.

* * * *

Father (admiring his son): That fellow will be a great statesman one day.

Mother: Charles, dear, do you really think so ?

Father: Dead certain; look how easily he wriggles out of everything.

* * * *

" I hope you don't think I am conceited," he said, after he had told his girl friend all about himself for over an hour.

" Oh, no," she replied, " but I am wondering how you can keep back giving three cheers whenever you look at yourself in the mirror."

* * * *

" Do you make life-size enlargements from snapshots ? " asked the girl.

" Certainly, miss," answered the photographer. " That's our speciality."

" Well," said the girl, " let's see what you can do with this picture of the Grand Canyon."

The Hazels.*

Sweeter than the humfed hum
Of innumerable bees
Comes a song of Fairydom
Murmured by the Hazel trees :
All their foliage moves in time
To the cadence of the ryme.

This the hazel trees are singing :
" Joy, joy, joy is everywhere
Hear the magic music ringing
Thro' the perfumed summer air
Live to love and laugh and play
Other things must fade away."

For the Hazel trees were given
Charmed knowledge once of old
Augus Oge, from his bright heaven
Touched them with his harp of gold
So they sing their Elfin tune
'neath the beams of sun and moon.

— *F. H. Aldhouse.*

---

* The Hazel trees are the magic trees the Ygg-drisel of Ireland, Augus Oge is the god of love, of the Celtic mythology.

Book Reviews.

His Holiness by Phoenix with a forward by Maulana Zafar Ali Khan, The Islamic Literature Publishing House, Kashmiri Bazar, Lahore.

This work written in trenchant style contains a merciless attack against Mirza Ghulam Ahmad of Qadian and his claim to prophethood. The book serves as an eye opener to all credulous folk not only of the Muslim pursuasion but of any community. It is also a severe warning to impostors masquerading in the guise of prophets or religious heads and living at the expense of ignorant people.

The printing and general get up of the book are excellent.

Indian Masters of English. Selected and Edited by E. E. Speight, B.A , Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd., Madras.

The title of the book would seem to suggest that this work contains a series of biographical or critical sketches of some of the good Indian writers of English. But that is not the case. It is an anthology of English prose by Indian writers. The selections have been made from a very wide range of subjects and as has been rightly said in the introduction, here the readers will find " striking examples of the command of English in various directions, the character-sketch, historical narrative, the short story, ethical exhortation, nature study, description of social conditions, legal definition and religion. And they will find more than this, for the selections have been chosen not only as testimony to the ability which is placing a number of Indian authors in the very front rank of writers of English, but for the charm of personality. the range of sympathies, which they reveal." Every Indian ought to be proud of possessing a copy of these selections.

Tilak and Gandhi. By M. J. Kanetkar, Nagpur. Price As. 12.

As the name indicates this is a comparative character sketch of the two great leaders of modern India. The author writes with insight, but is wanting in literary elegance and that may probably have been one of the reasons why the English publishers refused to undertake its publication.

In the Temple. By T. S. Thiagarajan, Coimbatore.

This garland of song offerings to the Lord composed in poetic prose is the outpouring of a devoted soul yearning to have communion with Him. We wish the author all success and await his further contributions.

The Fundamentals of English Grammar, Part I, by K. Ryru Nayar, B.A , L.T., Head Master, Rajah's High School, Chirakkal. Price As. 12.

The aim of this book is to place before the pupils a concise but complete treatise on Parsing and Analysis. The author being an experienced

teacher knows the difficulties of young children in mastering English grammar. He has, therefore, proceeded step by step leaving no scope for doubt or difficulties any where. The book will serve as a useful guide to the study of grammar. We hope to find it prescribed as a text book for lower forms.

Message of Shrimad Bhagavad Gita by R. V. Shet with a foreword by Dy. Fell, B.A. (Oxon). Published by Kapasia Bazar, Dalal Building, Ahamadebad. Price Re. 1.

This pretty little book sings the glory of the Gita in rapturous language and is a good introduction to the study of the same.

ന. ട്ഠാ. സാരതബന്ധം. Sri Ramanasramam, Thiruvannamala. Price 1 anna.

This leaflet contains the teachings of the sage of Thiruvannamalai in Malayalam verse composed in *Kilippattu metre.* M. S. K.

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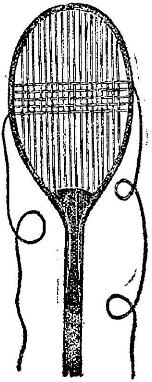

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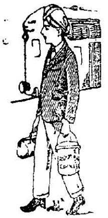

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